

LITERARY TABLET.

Vol. IV.]

Hanover, N. H. Wednesday, February 18, 1807.

[No. 8.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE WANDERING JEW.

Nos patriæ finis, et dulcia linquimus arva.

THE instability of earthly grandeur has long been proverbial. Destruction hangs upon the whirlwind, the tempest and the breeze. Man lives but for a moment. His fairest hopes are often blighted in the bud; and even his proudest labors are almost bounded in their duration, by the narrow measure of his own existence.

In the land of my fathers, I have seen the shepherd feeding his flocks upon the plains which once supported all the pride and opulence of the mistress of Judea. I have seen the spider weaving his web, and heard the owl singing her midnight watch upon the mouldering battlements of Carthage. I have walked amidst the lofty ruins of Balbee, and have heard the lonely traveller exclaim, while musing amidst the desolate remains of Tadmor, "here once was a great and powerful city; here genius was cherished, and science unbarred the gates of her temple." I have visited the banks of the Tiber; and while leaning on a falling monument, have seen the bare-footed friars carelessly singing their vespers, and as carelessly treading on the ground, where eloquence herself astonished the ancient world, in the person of Cicero.

Reader, hadst thou been destined a companion of the Wandering Jew, thou mightest have cropt a branch from the mangrove that overhangs the waters of the Gambia, or have measured the enriching floods of the Nile. Thou mightest have beheld the follower of Brumma plunging headlong into the consecrated Ganges, or the frozen inhabitants of Lapland climbing the icy mountains that encircle the northern pole. Thine own eye might have watched the progress of the human mind, from the crude efforts of the unlettered child of nature, to the boundless researches of the greatest philosopher—from the wigwam of the savage, to the proudest monuments of art. But alas! thou wouldest often have seen the thorn growing unmolested on the tomb of genius, and the tiger sleeping securely in the imperial palace. The temple of wisdom is fabled to stand upon a lofty eminence. The way to it is rugged and steep. The traveller, who would reach it must front toil, and danger, and fatigue. When he has once gained the object of all his hopes, still he is not long secure in his possession. Disease and death creep in at every pore. His works and his body are buried in the same grave.

The Genius of my country once stood before me; and having drop'd a tear upon the grave of her ill-fated people, she thus address'd me—"My son, thou art descended from a race once highly favored of heaven. Arts and science flourished among them—Nations fell down before them. They were alone and unrivalled in greatness. This race as a nation has long been extint. The miserable few who yet remain, are scattered abroad throughout the wide world. Banished from one country, trodden down in another, and almost every where followed with the rod of persecution, they have scarce a hope to hang upon. Such is the fate of men. Thus are they destined to rise and fall, to flourish and decay; and those who are now drowning amidst the follies and debaucheries of life, will soon lay low and forgotten. Man, who is now great in his wisdom, will soon expire; societies pass away; nations retrace their footsteps back to their native barbarism. The oaks of the mountains will fall; mountains be levelled with the plain; the stars will drop from heaven; the sun and moon grow dim with age; and the universe itself tumble into chaos."—Thus spake the Genius, and vanished into air.

16th Feb. 1807.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

EFFECTS OF ILL USAGE.

RECOLLECTION loves to dwell upon those scenes of youth which have caused any particular alteration in our manner of thinking, or any peculiar traits in our characters.

We must ever look back with regret to the time, when we first saw the deceit and selfishness of mankind, and learned to doubt the veracity of our neighbors, and even of our professed friends.

Almost all our vices are the consequences of vicious examples, without which scarce one to a thousand of the human race would ever be guilty of falsehood or deceit.

The most degrading vices which disgrace humanity, often spring from the same soil where formerly flourished the noblest virtues.

In the Hermit you will find one formerly fond of society, but disgusted with the falsehood and folly of mankind.

Go ask the Misanthrope the cause of his hatred to his fellow men; he will tell you,

*He once had mercy—once his breast could glow,
And melt in pity at the tale of woe;*

but wrongs and insults, too severe for human endurance, "froze the genial current of his soul," and caused this unnatural hatred to his own species.

Musing upon these things, I am inclined to agree with Sterne, that, "Nature never made an unkind creature—ill usage, and bad habits have deformed a fair and lovely creation."

But hearken to the soliloquy of Caro, the cause of these reflections, who, reclining his head upon the rough stone of his grotto, thus pour'd forth the overflowings of his heart.

"Alas, how have I been deceived! and how has society, which I once fancied would yield me the most refined enjoyment, become the object of my hatred and disgust.

Having read those books only, which held forth virtue to view, as comprising whatever could please and charm, I thought no one could be so regardless of his own happiness as to pursue the paths of vice.

Pictures of youthful simplicity and attachment, painted in the most glowing colors, I perused with delight; and by anticipation enjoyed all the pleasures of the most rapturous friendship.

Walking forth to enjoy the beauties of the morning, I often wandered to some verdant grove, and, after listening awhile to its melodious choir, drew from my pocket a favorite volume, and read some enchanting description of virtue triumphing over the snares of vice, and shining conspicuous before the admiring world.

Pondering upon what I had read, I sometimes sunk in gentle slumber, when fancy, thus freed from the restraint of reason, called to her aid all the delights of fairy-land, and surrounded me with scenes more beautiful than poet ever sung.

Farewell, ye pleasing scenes by youthful fancy drawn; no more shall ye delight my waking, or my sleeping thoughts, for I have seen the deceit and treachery of man! hereafter ye shall only serve as faithful contrasts to the scenes of envy, fraud and suspicion, which I am doomed daily to witness.

The beauties of the morning shall but diurnally remind me of the delights of youth, now lost forever. The grove's sweet music shall bring to recollection the deceitful Siren's song, alluring to vice, and consequent destruction. The favorite page, where youthful simplicity, virtue and happiness are glowingly depicted, shall cause me to tremble for their future fate; and fancy shall often rouse me from sleep by the view of some generous youth bewailing the treacherous arts of envy, and the cruel arrows of malicious detraction.

Warm with all the passions of youth, frank and open in conversation, unskilled in the insincere professions and shameful practices of the world, I came to the stage of action, thinking to be able to play my part with universal applause.

LITERARY TABLET.

I trusted every one who made fair professions, and had sanguine expectation of soon meeting some congenial soul, with whom I might enjoy the pleasures of unalienable friendship—but alas! with men of the world friendship is but a specious name for the vilest selfishness.

Though many, having occasion for my services, proffered me friendship; yet I found neglect and contempt, the rewards of my fidelity.

I sometimes boldly censured the selfishness and deceit of mankind, and in return was ridiculed for my ignorance and credulity.

Often I trusted men upon their honor; but commonly found that honor was but a broken Merchant, clad in rich apparel to deceive strangers, who always bought upon credit, but had not wherewith to fulfil his engagements.

Chagrined and disgusted, I returned to my former retirement, almost persuaded to exclaim with Brutus: “O virtue! thou empty name! I have worshipped thee as a real good; but thou art only the slave of fortune!

“But why should I repine? That youthful simplicity and virtue, which have often cost me a blush in the fashionable world, are still my solitary pride and comfort, and raise me above the world’s approbation or disdain.

“Shunning the deceitful professions and empty compliments of the crowd, I will henceforth seek happiness in the approbation of my own conscience, by which approved I will envy no man the enjoyment of riches or honors.”

Such were the reflections of Caro. Rather than lose his own approbation, he chose to withdraw from the busy scenes of life, and seek only the calm pleasures of retirement.

Few, very few follow his example; for most persons choose to follow the multitude to do evil, rather than stand alone, firm and unmoved, in the path of duty.

Wronged, they retaliate; insulted, they surpass in insolence; deceived, they determine to be outdone by none in deception; and, if reproved, aim all the envenomed darts of envious detraction at the character of their friendly admonisher.

Thus they proceed, adding vice to vice, until they become examples of all that is vicious.

Let virtuous youth flee such examples, and reflect, that, *All the faculties of his mind rise in rebellion against him, who is under the correction of conscience.*

NUMA.

SELECTIONS.

ON DECISION OF CHARACTER.

[Continued from page 26.]

The spirit of revenge has produced wonderful examples of this unremitting constancy to a purpose: Zanga is a well-supported illustration. And you may have read a real instance of, I think, a Spaniard, who being imperious duty, his curiosity waited in vain

injured by another inhabitant of the same town, resolved to destroy him: the other was apprized of this determination, and removed, with the utmost secrecy as he thought, to another town, at a considerable distance, where, however, he had not been more than a day or two, before he found that his enemy was arrived there. He removed in the same manner to several parts of the kingdom remote from each other; but, in every place, quickly perceived that his deadly pursuer was near him. At last, he went to South America, where he had enjoyed his fancied security but a very short time, before his unrelenting enemy came up with him, and effected his tragical purpose.

*****. But not less of this invincible pertinacity has been displayed by the disciples of virtue and the benefactors of mankind. In this distinction, no man ever exceeded or ever will exceed our great philanthropist, the late illustrious Howard. The energy of his determination was so great, that if, instead of being habitual, it could have appeared in an intermittent form, operating only for a short time, on particular occasions, it would have seemed a vehement impetuosity; but by being continuous, it had an equability of manner, which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm constancy. It was the calmness of an intensity, kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and the character of the individual forbidding it to be less. The habitual passion of his mind was a measure of feeling, almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds: as a great river, in its customary state, is equal to a small or moderate one, when swollen to a torrent.

The moment of finishing his plans in deliberation, and commencing them in action, was the same. I wonder what must have been the amount of that bribe, in emolument or pleasure, that would have detained him a week inactive, after their final adjustment. The law which carries water down a declivity was not more unconquerable and invariable, than the determination of his feelings toward the main object. This object he pursued with a devotion, which seemed to annihilate to his perceptions all others; it was a stern pathos of soul, on which the beauties of nature and of art had no power. He had no leisure feeling, which he could spare, to be diverted among the innumerable varieties of the extensive scene, which he traversed; all his subordinate feelings lost their separate existence and operation, by falling into the grand one. There have not been wanting trivial minds to mark this as a fault in his character. But the mere man of taste ought to be silent respecting such a man as Howard; he is above their sphere of judgment. The invisible spirits, who fulfil their commission of philanthropy among mortals, do not care about pictures, statues, and sumptuous buildings;...no more did he. Or at least, regarding every moment as under the claims of imperious duty, his curiosity waited in vain

for the hour to come, when his conscience should present the gratification of it as the most sacred duty of that hour. If he was still at every hour, where it came, fated to feel the attractions of the fine arts but the second claim, they might be sure of their revenge, for no other man will ever visit Rome under such a despotic consciousness of duty, as to refuse himself time for surveying the magnificence of its ruins. Such a sin against taste is very far beyond the reach of common faintship to commit. It implied an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had *one thing to do*; and that he, who would do some great thing in this short life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.

His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on his object, that even at the greatest distance, like the Egyptian pyramids to travellers, it stood confess to his sight with a luminous distinctness, as if it were nigh, and beguiled the toilsome length of labour and enterprise, by which he was to reach it. It was so conspicuous before him, that not a step deviated from the direction, and every movement and every day was an approximation. If it were possible to deduct from his thoughts and actions all that portion, which had not a methodical and strenuous reference to an end, the solid mass, which would remain, would spread over an amazing length of life, if attenuated to the ordinary style of deliberation and achievement. One less thinks of displaying such a character, for the purpose of example, than for that of mortifying comparison.

DISSIPATION.

EVERY rank in life, and every size of understanding, seems to follow this alone; or not pursuing it deviates from happiness. The man of pleasure pursues dissipation by profession; the man of business pursues it no less, as every voluntary labor he undergoes is only dissipation in disguise. The philosopher himself, even while he reasons upon the subject, does it unknowingly, with a view of dissipating the thoughts of what he was, or what he must be.

The subject, therefore, comes to this: Which is the most perfect sort of dissipation, pleasure, business, or philosophy? which best serves to exclude those uneasy sensations, which *memory* or *anticipation* produce?

The enthusiasm of pleasure charms only by intervals. The highest rapture lasts only for a moment, and all the senses seem so combined, as to be soon tired into languor by the gratification of any one of them. It is only among the poets we hear of men changing to one delight, when fatigued with another. In nature it is very different; the glutton when sated with the full meal, is unqualified to feel the real pleasure of drinking; the drunkard in turn finds few of those transports which lovers boast in enjoyment; and

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the lover, when cloyed, finds a diminution of every other appetite. Thus, after a full indulgence of any one sense, the man of pleasure finds a languor in all, is placed in a chasm between past and expected enjoyment, perceives an interval which must be filled up. The present can give no satisfaction, because he has already robbed it of every charm: a mind thus left without immediate employment, naturally recurs to the past or future; the reflector finds that he was happy, and knows that he cannot be so now; he sees that he may yet be happy, and wishes the hour was come; thus every period of his continuance is miserable, except that very short one of immediate gratification. Instead of a life of dissipation, none has more frequent conversations with disagreeable self than he: his enthusiasms are but few and transient; his appetites, like angry creditors, continually making fruitless demands for what he is unable to pay; and the greater his former pleasures, the more strong his regret, the more impatient his expectations: a life of pleasure is, therefore, the most unpleasing life in the world.

Habit has rendered the man of business more cool in his desires; he finds less regret for past pleasures, and less solicitude for those to come. The life he now leads, thot tainted in some measure with hope, is yet not afflicted so strongly with regret, and is less divided between short lived rapture and lasting anguish. The pleasures he has enjoyed are not so vivid, and those he has to expect cannot consequently create so much anxiety.

The philosopher, who extends his regard to all mankind, must still have a smaller concern for what has already affected, or may hereafter affect himself: the concerns of others make his whole study, and that study is his pleasure; and this pleasure is continuing in its nature, because it can be changed at will, leaving but few of those anxious intervals, which are employed in remembrance or anticipation. The philosopher, by these means, leads a life of almost continued dissipation; and reflection, which makes the uneasiness and misery of others, serves as a companion and instructor to him.

In a word, positive happiness is constitutional and incapable of increase; misery is artificial, and generally proceeds from our folly. Philosophy can add to our happiness in no other manner but by diminishing our misery: it should not pretend to increase our present stock, but make us economists of what we are possessed. The great source of calamity lies in regret or anticipation: he, therefore, is most wise, who thinks of the present alone, regardless of the past or the future. This is impossible to a man of pleasure; it is difficult to the man of business; and is in some measure attainable by the philosopher. Happy were we all born philosophers, all born with a talent of thus dissipating our own cares, by spreading them upon all mankind.

[*Citizen of the World.*

The following remarks on those disputes, which frequently occur in conversation, are from the pen of Mr. Addison. It is needless to observe, that they breathe the same beautiful simplicity in style, which is peculiar to the writings of this eminent essayist; and if observed, they will often save the feelings of friends, and prevent many almost unpardonable breaches in decency and politeness.

Avoid disputes as much as possible. In order to appear easy and well-bred in conversation, you may assure yourself that it requires more wit, as well as more good humour, to improve than to contradict the notions of another: but if you are at any time obliged to enter on an argument, give your reasons with the utmost coolness and modesty, two things which scarce ever fail of making an impression on the hearer. Besides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor shew either by your actions or words that you are full of yourself, all will the more heartily rejoice at your victory. Nay, should you be pinched in your argument, you may make your retreat with a very good grace: you were never positive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve the Socratical way of reasoning, where, while you scarce affirm any thing you can hardly be caught in an absurdity, and though possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your opinion, which is firmly fixed, you seem only to desire information from him.

In order to keep that temper which is so difficult, and yet so necessary to preserve, you may please to consider, that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to be angry with another because he is not of your opinion. The interests, education, and means by which men attain their knowledge, are so very different, that it is impossible they should all think alike; and he has at least as much reason to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes to keep yourself cool, it may be of service to ask yourself fairly, What might have been your opinion, had you all the biases of education and interest your adversary may possibly have? but if you contend for the honor of victory alone, you may lay down this as an infallible maxim, that you cannot make a more false step, or give your antagonists a greater advantage over you, than by falling into a passion.

When an argument is over, how many weighty reasons does a man recollect, which his heat and violence made him utterly forget?

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a man because he does not apprehend the force of your reasons, or give weak ones of his own. If you argue for reputation, this makes your victory the easier; he is certainly in all respects an object of your pity, rather than anger; and if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank nature for her favors, who has given you so much the clearer understanding.

You may please to add this consideration, that among your equals no one values your anger, which only preys upon its master;

and perhaps you may find it not very consistent either with prudence or your ease, to punish yourself whenever you meet with a fool or a knave.

Lastly, if you propose to yourself the true end of argument, which is information, it may be a reasonable check to your passion; for if you search purely after truth, it will be almost indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot in this place omit an observation which I have often made, namely, that nothing procures a man more esteem and less envy from the whole company, than if he chuses the part of moderator, without engaging directly on either side in a dispute. This gives him the character of impartial, furnishes him with an opportunity of sifting things to the bottom, shewing his judgment, and of sometimes making handsome compliments to each of the contending parties.

I shall close this subject with giving you one caution; when you have gained a victory, do not push it too far; it is sufficient to let the company and your adversary see it is in your power, but that you are too generous to make use of it.

X.

Extracts from the "Miseries of Human Life."

MISERIES DOMESTIC.

Getting up early in a cold gloomy morning, (quite enough already, you'll say; but that's not half of it.)—Getting up early in a cold gloomy morning, I say,—and on running down into the breakfast-room for warmth and comfort, finding chairs, tables, shovel, tongs and fender, huddled into the middle of the room—dust flying in all directions—carpet tossed backwards—floor newly washed—windows wide open—bees-wax, brush, and rubber in one corner—brooms, mops, and pails in another—and a dingy Drab on her knees, before an empty grate.

Squatting plump on an unsuspected cat in your chair.

Just as you finished dressing yourself more nicely than usual, to receive company at dinner,—creeping down into a dark, damp cellar for wine; and unexpectedly finding from a sudden chill about the lower part of the leg, that you are going by water.

Vainly hunting, a thousand times over, in every corner, crook, and cranny of the house, for something you have lost; till, at some future period, when you have long abandoned the pursuit, the truant article appears of its own accord.

Flapping at an expiring fire with an asthmatic pair of bellows.

Setting a razor on a sandy hone.

The handle of a full tea-cup coming off in your hand, as you are raising it to your mouth.

Shaving after a frosty walk, (when the face is pimpled, skin tender, and hand tremulous,) with cold pump water, hard brush, ropy soap, and a blunt razor. Likewise, shaving, with blister behind each of your ears.

Entering your watch at the wrong opening, when it instantly dives to your knee, where, for want of a lucky opportunity to extricate it, you continue to wear it.

LITERARY TABLET.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

FRIENDSHIP.

THE pleasures of friendship sincere while I sing,
O grant me, ye Muses, your influence divine ;
With a theme so celestial, heaven's arches should ring,
Then inspire ye my lays, while I bow at your shrine.

Tho' lawyers and demagogues thrive by contention,
And Heroes gain fame by destroying mankind,
Them to sing I disdain—but invite your attention,
To the constant delights friendship wakes in the mind.

The husbandman toils while the scorching heat rages,
To provide for the winter an ample supply,
Then with feasting and friendship, his cares he assuages,
And with pleasure convivial his bosom beats
Tho' his vessels ride safe in old Neptune's dominions,
With dainties rich-fraught, tho' they daily attend,
Can these happiness give to the Merchant ? or
Please, by fawning, the lordling on whom they depend ?

Can the tyrant, who raises his throne blood-cemented,
On the low-bended necks of degraded mankind,
With the praise of vile flatterers alone be contented ?
Nor sigh for the pleasures of friendship refin'd ?

No ; when Pythias and Damon each ardent contended,
For the pleasure of dying his friend to preserve,
The tyrant astonish'd, their difference ended,
Unable such friendship unmov'd to observe.

" O live ! " he exclaimed, " live noblest examples
" Of friendship invincible ! Grant my request
" In your joys to participate,—Virtue thus tramples
" On vice ; but your friendship can render me blest."

Tho' the bowl mantle high, and festivity reign,
And Pomona and Ceres shew'r blessings around,
All the pleasure is mixt with concomitant pain,
If in bonds of strict friendship the guests be not bound.

The virtuous, tho' fortune should frown on his labors,
His enemies threaten, and ruin impend,
Tho' despis'd by the wealthy, abandon'd by neighbors,
Is more than repaid by one sigh of a friend.

Then come, all ye virtuous, who happiness seek,
In friendship you'll find it, in greatest perfection;

With its enemies, envy, ambition and wreak,
And licentiousness headlong, disclaim all connexion :

Then, tho' fortune should frown, you her rage may defy,
Bound firm by the ties of strict friendship and love ;
Or with Tyrants contending, you bravely may [die,
And beatitude taste in the mansions above.

FLORIO.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

Minutest of the feather'd kind,
Possessing every charin combin'd,
Nature, in forming thee, design'd
That thou shouldst be
A proof within how little space
She can compose such perfect grace,
Rendering thy lovely fairy race
Beauty's epitome.

Those burnish'd colours to bestow
Her pencil in the heavenly bow
She dipp'd ; and made thy plumes to glow
With every hue
That in the dancing sun-beam plays ;
And with the ruby's vivid blaze
Mingled the emerald's lucid rays
With halcyon blue.

Then plac'd thee under genial skies
Where flowers and shrubs spontaneous rise,
With richer fragrance, bolder dyes
By her endued ;
And bade thee pass thy happy hours
In tamarind shades and palmy bowers,
Extracting from unfailing flowers
Ambrosial food.

There lovely Bee-Bird ! mayst thou rove
Thro' spicy vale and citron grove,
And woo and win thy fluttering love
With plume so bright ;
There rapid fly, more heard than seen,
Mid orange boughs of polish'd green,
With glowing fruit and flowers between
Of pureft white.

There feed and take thy balmy rest,
There wave thy little cotton nest,
And may no cruel hand molest
Thy timid bride :

Nor those bright changeful plumes of thine
Be offer'd on the unfeeling shrine
Where some dark beauty loves to shine
In gaudy pride.

Nor may her sable lover's care
Add to the baubles in her hair
Thy dazzling feathers rich and rare,
And thou, poor bird,
For this inhuman purpose bleed,
While gentle hearts abhor the deed,
And Mercy's trembling voice may plead,
But plead unheard !

Such triflers should be taught to know
Not all the hues thy plumes can show
Become them like the conscious glow
Of modesty :

And that not half so lovely seems
The ray that from the diamond gleams,
As the pure gem that trembling beams
In pity's eye.

From the Monthly Anthology.
ERIN.

BEHIND the misty brow of yonder hill,
Beside a stream that turns the village mill,
Remote from worldly care and courtly strife,
Once honest Erin led a peaceful life.
Brisk as the bee that sucks the fragrant dew,
He hied afield the stubborn oak to hew ;
Or, when rough winter left the leafless bower,
And smiling spring came on in sunny shower ;
Jocund he drove the patient ox to toil,
And broke with lagging plough the loosen'd soil.

Oft the lone beat of yonder chapel bell,
That toll'd for frosty age the passing knell,
Allur'd the ruddy swain, with moisten'd brow,
To taste the luncheon spread on wheaton mow.
And when behind the hills the sun withdrew,
And noisy swallows to their lodging flew,
Before his cot, or near some rusby stream,
That faintly twinkled 'neath the silver gleam,
While perfum'd breezes in the tree-tops played,
Fanning the air as weary light decay'd ;
With merry reed he made the rustick gay,
Returning home at close of busy day.
But hush'd the strain that gladden'd all the plain
And cheer'd with simple notes the homeward swain ;

Far away beneath yon scraggy thorn,
Where nightly sits the bird of eve forlorn,
And tall weeds wave, as sighs the hollow gale,
And gently swells the green sod in the dale,
Releas'd from all this little world's alarms,
He sleeps secure in death's oblivious arms.

Blest was his toil with crops of golden grain,
And Erin grew in wealth, and rose in name.
But, ah, that pleasing rest, which wealth imparts,
Too oft unnerves the frame, unmans our hearts.
So far'd it now with late our honest clown ;
In ease repos'd he thoughtless fought the town,
And loitering day by day, a prey to harm,
He left unplough'd the field, unown the farm.
The moments flew. His happy days were gone,
Swift as the beam that scales the saffron morn ;
And now gloom'd round, with chilling frost combin'd,
Cold want, that ragged rustled in the wind.

The storm blew bleak, and drifting fast the snow,
When Erin left the vale opprest with wo ;
Remorse with rankling tooth his bosom tore,
And wild with grief he saw his home no more.

The following lines are extracted from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," a Poem, by W. Scott, Esq. The merits of this little work have been very highly appreciated by the European Reviewers, as a composition both interesting and elegant.

" And said I that my limbs were old ;
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of love ?—
How could I, to the dearest theme,
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false, a recreant prove !
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my harp to notes of flame !

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above ;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love."